

Dave Sigler, Ex-Member of Disciplinary Committee Tells Reason for Resignation

Gives Opinions on Present Status of Student Discipline in the University—Letter is Answer to That of President Harding Last Week

University of Alberta,
January 23, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—Mr. Harding's letter in the last issue of The Gateway, wherein he purports to review the position of the Disciplinary Committee in our scheme of student government and to justify the action taken by the Committee on Student Affairs in the Gibbs case, will admit of further comment. I am reluctant to add to the two full columns which have already been given to this subject, but I feel that Mr. Harding has presented only one aspect of the matter, and that there is another viewpoint which is well worth consideration.

In the first place, no one questions the power of the University authorities to initiate executive action when they deem it necessary or of the Committee on Student Affairs to overrule decisions of the Disciplinary Committee. No one questions the right of the authorities to have final control; these facts are too obvious. The issue is not, as would appear from the trend of Mr. Harding's letter, whether the University has these rights, but rather whether they have been exercised justly and in a manner above criticism.

The Men's Disciplinary Committee has a very wide jurisdiction: it has the power to hear and determine all cases of misconduct on the part of men University students, detrimental to the best interests of the student body, whether such offences are committed on University property or elsewhere, excepting only those immediately affecting the residences, which are under the jurisdiction of the Men's House Committee.

The basic theory upon which the Disciplinary Committee is founded is that the students are capable of appointing a body of men who will have the necessary sincerity and maturity of judgment to discipline their fellow-students adequately and justly, thus eliminating the necessity for direct discipline by the authorities. In so far as the Committee fails to act sincerely or adequately the authorities, as well as the student and the Students' Council, have the right to submit the case to the Committee on Student Affairs for review.

The cases which come before the Disciplinary Committee are of two classes: First, those involving minor breaches of student regulations in which the authorities are not directly interested, such as the ordering of goods without the necessary requisition; smoking in the halls; or the transferring of Athletic ticket books; these are very rarely, if ever, appealed. Secondly, those involving grave misconduct prejudicial to the good name of the University which are matters of direct major concern to the authorities.

The Disciplinary Committee this year has had three such cases before it, and although I cannot speak with certitude of the 1929-30 Committee, I believe that it had one, or at most not more than one, instance of equal gravity and difficulty. And what is the record of this year's Disciplinary Committee in the handling of these major cases? In the first two cases, the ones referred to by Mr. Harding, the University Disciplinary authorities flatly refused to accept the Committee's decisions, which were reversed or so greatly added to in severity as to have the effect of reversal by the Committee on Student Affairs. In the third case, the penalties imposed by the Committee were so severe as to reach the maximum fine and a "suspended" expulsion; an increase here in severity could hardly amount to less than expulsion. Such a record appears to me to indicate a distinct lack of confidence on the part of the authorities in the ability of the Disciplinary Committee to deal adequately and with sufficient severity with the major cases which come before it.

In the first case, which we will call that of X, the student was fined a relatively small amount by the Disciplinary Committee. The Provost refused to confirm the decision and asked that the Disciplinary Committee reconsider the case. That placed the members of the Committee in a very embarrassing position. They had sat upon the case, given it careful, deliberate consideration, and rendered judgment directly to the student; they knew that if they again reached the same decision, it would not be acceptable; the only alternative left open to them would be to reverse their own judgment. They therefore declined to reconsider the case, and asked that the authorities refer it directly to the Committee on Student Affairs, which body required the student to withdraw from the student office he was then holding. Further, in answer to Mr. Harding's query, the Disciplinary Committee did not at that time "propose to set" themselves "up as infallible in judgment" nor resign in a huff.

The second case was that of Gibbs, who was required by the Disciplinary

Committee to relinquish all his student offices, but who was distinctly told when being sentenced that he would be allowed to take part in all student activities. Two and a half months later the authorities (who acted immediately upon discovering their misapprehension of the Disciplinary Committee's written judgment submitted to them in October) referred the matter to the Committee on Student Affairs, which directly overruled the express decision of the Disciplinary Committee and decided that Gibbs could not take part in any student activity, where representation on a University team was involved.

In view of the above occurrences I do not see how the judgment of the 1930-31 Disciplinary Committee (of which I was at the time a member) can be considered as hitherto sound, or how any student in submitting himself to its jurisdiction for a major misconduct will be able to feel confidence in the security of his position after a decision has been rendered and he has undergone the punishment meted out to him. Suppose, for instance, a similar case should again occur and the authorities should again be under a continued misapprehension as to the terms of the judgment; suppose they should consider it urgent that executive action be taken. By our own admission the authorities have final control. How then can Mr. Harding consistently tell us that "any occurrence of a case similar to the last one is precluded"? The authorities here refused to consider themselves bound by their acceptance of the written judgment of the Disciplinary Committee because such acceptance was based on a serious error. How, logically, can they at some future date consider themselves bound?

I do not suggest that we "at once decide that we will manage none of our affairs at all." In fact, I have not at any time heard that proposition advanced by any one, and I suspect that Mr. Harding inserted it as a literary embellishment to grace and adorn his exposition, rather than as an actual course of action seriously suggested. But I have come to the conclusion that in matters of discipline, as distinct from those student activities and organizations commonly included in the term "student government" it would be in the best interests of the administration and of the students that discipline be directly in the hands of the Provost. And why not? It would not be inconsistent with the retention of our student government in other matters. If a person commits a misdemeanor, why should he not be prepared to take the consequences according to the seriousness of his offence? Surely we can depend upon the authorities to deal fairly with the offenders and to take into account extenuating circumstances which would justify leniency. If the justification for the Disciplinary Committee, from the students' point of view, is that it will allow wrong-doers to escape the full consequences of their acts, and act as a sort of buffer against the vengeance of the administration, then the sooner we abandon "self discipline" the better. The old Students' Court reached a point where it had the confidence neither of the authorities nor of the students, as a body of dealing adequately with student offences, especially those of a serious nature. Above everything, student confidence and respect is absolutely essential to a student disciplinary body. After the occurrences of this term the Men's Disciplinary Committee is in an insecure position, not because of its personnel, whose sincerity and opinions I respect; not because it is subject to a power of review, but because of the necessity for that power to have been used in two out of three serious cases, and the circumstances under which it was exercised. Should another case of major misconduct arise this term it will, in my opinion, be very difficult for the Disciplinary Committee to deal with it in as free and confident a state of mind as was possible previous to the two reversals.

With particular regard to Gibbs' case: the Disciplinary Committee required him to resign from all his student offices, which included membership on the Committee on Student Affairs, membership on the Students' Council, the Chairmanship of the Literary Executive, and the Presidency of the Debating Society; that is no light sentence. Gibbs was permitted by the Disciplinary Committee to participate in student activities, because it was felt that such an interest would be beneficial to Gibbs personally, not because it might be beneficial to the debating or dramatic societies. The Committee on Student Affairs reversed this decision on the ground that it was anomalous; that a student who was unworthy to hold student office was not a fit person to represent the University on a University team, thus confirming the stand taken by the authorities. Yet that same Committee on Student Affairs

SINGS IN OPERETTA



GEORGE CONQUEST

Class '27, who takes the leading role of Count Arnheim in this year's operetta, "The Bohemian Girl." Past performances of Mr. Conquest include parts in "Maritana" and "The Crimson Star."

fairs which, on appeal, deprived the aforementioned X of the student office he held, allows X to represent the University on a University team without considering its decision anomalous. The distinction seems to be a trifle subtle.

Undoubtedly Gibbs has acted tactlessly and with a distinct lack of propriety; this is regrettable. It is still more to be regretted that he has acted in a manner which has prejudiced his cause and tended to obscure the real issue. But the personalities and the merits and demerits of this particular case cannot affect the principle involved and the injustice done. It is unfair to require any student to submit to the jurisdiction of a student body, allow them to sit upon his case in solemn judgment, and then after he has not only accepted but undergone punishment, to inflict upon him, two and a half months' later, a second punishment, for the same offence.

Yours truly,
DAVID SIGLER.

Students' Council Meeting Last Night Waxes Warm

Torrid Debate on Student Discipline—Council Goes on Record as in Favor of Full Holiday on Field Day

The Council met in the Lounge of Athabasca Hall at 7:30, President Harding in the chair.

Business arising out of the minutes was first dealt with.

In connection with the annual field day, it is evidently the opinion of the University authorities that, owing to poor attendance last year at the Interfaculty Field Day, the interest of the students in such affairs has waned to such an extent that it is inadvisable to grant a full holiday for it. They therefore propose to hold it on a Saturday, and cancel lectures on Saturday morning. The proposed date for next year is October 10.

The attitude of the Council was very strongly in favor of continuing the present practice of the full day holiday during the week. It was pointed out that the poor showing last fall was due to several causes; the interspersed track meet which fell in the same week and the poor weather having a great deal to do with the comparatively small attendance. It was contended further that owing to the nature of the crowd attending a field day there was a tendency for considerable circulation, so that the total number in attendance during the day was far greater than the number actually present at any one time.

One member of the Council expressed himself as feeling that the University authorities do little enough for the cause of athletics here at present, and that if the teams are to merit our spending large sums of money on them they should be worth a full day's attendance. He added further that we are not asking for any new privilege, but for something which we have had for many years past.

The matter was finally left over to be taken up again with the University authorities.

It was moved and carried that the total expenses of bringing the hockey team back after Christmas be borne by the Union, this to include the payment of damages sustained by the car of one of the players.

A matter of some straightening up of affairs in the E.D.H.A. regarding the second senior teams was left over for further information.

New Business

A letter from David Sigler, tendering his resignation as a member of the Disciplinary Committee, was read to the meeting.

A very long discussion followed. Mr. Sigler felt that he could not agree with the authorities in bringing the matter of Eric Gibbs before the Committee on Student Affairs, and he felt further that no consider-

Freedom of Speech Issue Voiced To The Skies In New Toronto vs. Varsity Mix

Letter Signed by Sixty-eight of Faculty of U. of T. Causes Trouble—"The Varsity" Backs Professors Against Local Press—Interesting Polls Held

"The attitude which the Toronto Police Commission has assumed towards the public discussion on social and political problems makes it clear that the right of free speech and free assembly is in danger of suppression in this city. This right has for generations been considered one of the proudest heritages of the British peoples, and to restrict or nullify it in an arbitrary manner, as has been the tendency in Toronto for the last two years, is short-sighted, inexpedient, and intolerable. It is the plain duty of the citizen to protest publicly against any such curtailment of his right and, in so doing, we wish to affirm our belief in the free public expression of opinions, however unpopular or erroneous."

And in those words did sixty-eight of the faculty of the University of Toronto express their disapproval of the action taken by the Police Commissioners of Toronto with regard to the attitude taken recently over certain so-called "Red" gatherings. And that little letter started one of the prettiest rows seen in that noble city for many a day. The city publications took up the cudgels in defence of the police, and the publication of the University of Toronto backed the cause of the professors. The Toronto "Globe's" denunciation is scathing, declaring the opinion of the sixty-eight to be "an exaggeration in keeping with the undue importance attached to the cause espoused." It continues: "Numerous protests have been received in the cause of good citizenship against the action of sixty-eight members of the Faculty of the University of Toronto in signing what is manifestly a brief for the Communists under the heading of 'Freedom of Speech.' Along with these have been many anxious inquiries as to whether this group of instructors represents the sentiment of the university on the subject. The staff of the University of Toronto consists of more than 1,000 persons, of whom 160 are full professors, the others being associate or assistant professors, lecturers, demonstrators, or minor employees."

So, in a sincere attempt to answer

the question raised by the "Globe" as to whether the views expressed by the "sixty-eight" represent the sentiment of the University on the subject, "The Varsity" conducted a complete survey of the entire University, both staff and students.

The issue of "The Varsity" for January 21st comes out with the following headline: "University Staff Backs '68' by 3 to 1 Vote," and gives a carefully tabulated vote. Quoting from the columns of "The Varsity" of that issue: "Working on a list of 754 professors, lecturers, research assistants and administrative officials listed in the official directory of the University, 'The Varsity' succeeded in reaching all but 234 by telephone or personal visit. Of those who could not be located yesterday, seventy-nine were in the faculties of medicine or dentistry. Most of these are city doctors and part-time assistants at the University. A considerable percentage of the missing ninety-two in the faculties of arts are on leave of absence."

The following issue of "The Varsity" ran a headline urging the students to vote seriously on the question. The wording of the ballot was as follows: "Do you agree with the sentiments expressed in the letter on the subject of free speech, drawn up and signed last week, by citizens who were members of the Faculty of the University of Toronto, and published by the press of the city." Eight ballot boxes were provided, and the result was sufficient to justify "The Varsity" in coming out the next day with a headline: "Students by 5 to 1 Uphold '68'." The majority was 1,183.

Editor Knocks Press

In commenting upon the attitude taken by the local press, "The Varsity," in an editorial, said:

"Again we are compelled to drag into our columns the name of the mighty Mail and Empire, which, together with certain other sections of the local daily press, is at present engaged in a campaign calculated criminally to befog an otherwise perfectly straightforward issue, and deliberately to mislead an all-too-gullible public."

"One hundred and sixty million propagandizing Russian Communists are thundering at our doors, if we are to believe this august journal. A repetition in Toronto of the 'reign of terror' perpetrated against the city of Winnipeg for some weeks during the hot summer session of 1919, is reported as imminent. . . . These are exceptional times. . . . The very existence of democracy is at stake."

"Only the most drastic measures on the part of the police can save us, we are told. . . . The representatives of decent elements in the population should not ally themselves with any movement to aggrandize the very limited communist minority in our midst and to facilitate their propaganda."

"Surely the columns of a supposedly intelligent publication were never prostituted to receive such a display of spurious reasoning! These are the sophistries of that section of the community which is breathing dire vengeance against a group of professors for daring to suggest that the present muzzling tactics of the Toronto police commissioners are not in keeping with British tradition, and,

rink in the daytime, hence all skating and hockey must be called off on the afternoon preceding a senior league game. He added that the charges for table hockey hours had been cut in half this year."

It was asked whether or not the surplus accruing from the operation of the rink were being used to clear off the capital debt. It appears that it has not so been used, since the surpluses appearing at the end of the winter seasons have been in a large part taken up in payment of insurance and other charges later in the summer. It was felt by the Treasurer that the Union should, if possible, be reimbursed in part for the rent paid by university hockey teams for use of the ice, which represent a direct charge against the Union. Mr. Wilson replied further that it is necessary to keep a certain amount of money on hand in case of a particularly bad season.

The matter of the finals and semifinals being played at the Arena was discussed, since it has become apparent that there is a concerted movement to have this done. Mr. Wilson made it clear that in this event the University rink would have to be paid

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far from gaining the end desired tend rather to aggravate certain unpleasant conditions which exist today.

"It seems physically impossible to get through the thick skull of the ultra-conservative section of our community that a radical, shooting off steam on a soap-box may easily be ludicrous; but that the same radical, hounded by police and put behind lock and key, is transferred into a hero and a martyr to a great cause. If anything has been done to aggrandize any limited and downtrodden minority in this city, it has been done by the blundering, arbitrary tactics of the police commissioners and by the rampant myopia of an hysterical press."

In summarizing the vote of the student body, the following facts are worthy of note, namely, that the first two years of students backed the professors by a 4 to 1 vote, and that the two senior years backed them by a 7 to 1 vote. Almost 1,800 students voted, and out of this number 1,491 voted for free speech, and only 308 against. The voting was very quiet, the students apparently taking the business very seriously. In order to insure against packing the boxes, the voters were requested to sign their names, and these were double checked to insure accuracy. With reference to this decided manifestation by the students, the editor-in-chief of "The Varsity," Mr. A. E. F. Allan, comments as follows:

"Yesterday the 'babes and sucklings' of the University of Toronto—a group of young men and women, most of them well above the legal age—cast their ballots in a straw vote to determine whether or not the students of this University approved the recent action of sixty-eight of their professors in protesting against the 'short-sighted, inexpedient, and intolerable' arbitrary muzzling of free speech and free assembly in this city by the Toronto Police Commissioner. Not only did 1,800 students cast their ballots, but they signed them. And by an overwhelming majority of 5 to 1, they supported the gallant sixty-eight."

Turning from "The Varsity's" barrage of denunciation leveled at the Toronto papers, some interesting facts may be observed from within Toronto. "The Globe" and the "Mail and Empire." The "Globe" for January 20th comes out with this news head: "Business Readers Score Professors and Praise Police," and under this head is President Carlisle's, of the Board of Trade, views on the subject. Mr. Carlisle's main contention was that if the action of the professors goes uncensored, then people will understand that it is condoned by the Governors of the University. He also observed that the effect of the letter might be far-reaching in its results.

The following issue of the "Globe" observes that the action of the professors is before the Board of Governors, but that Rev. Canon H. Cody, the president, would say nothing for publication.

In the "Mail and Empire," Professor Gilbert E. Jackson, of the Dept. of Political Science, said in defence of the sixty-eight:

"It has been brought to my attention that the letter signed by 68 profs., in vindication of the British principle of free speech, has recently been described in the Globe as 'manifestly a brief for the Communists.' Since this is a gross libel on a body of academic men who are at least as strongly opposed to Communism as is the Globe, perhaps you will be good enough to let me explain what is the British tradition of free speech."

"Britain does not tolerate sedition, indecency, or blasphemy. Penalties are provided for all of these offences under the law. But it is part of the British tradition that until a man breaks the law in one of these respects he may speak without hindrance. It is also part of the British tradition that when a man is accused of breaking the law, the decision as to whether he has done so shall be made, not by the police authorities, but by the courts of law."

Further: "Nor would it seem remarkable to any Englishman that a group of profs., nursed in the traditions of the race, and well acquainted with English history, should endorse these rights. If such an Englishman were unacquainted with Toronto, he would be amazed that it should be necessary for anyone to vindicate them in a British community. . . . Our disagreement is not with the police force, but with some of the members of the police commission. . . . these members of the police commission are imperfectly acquainted with the British tradition."

In an earlier issue of the "Globe," the following expresses the situation clearly if humorously:

"It occurred at the corner of Dundas and Bloor streets on Saturday evening. Several pedestrians—including ladies—were awaiting the 'next car.' An individual who apparently had tasted generously the wares of the Ontario Liquor Commission, joined the group. He was eloquent of utterance—and profane. 'That's enough from you,' sternly exclaimed an indignant citizen who was accompanied by his wife. 'Another word like that and I'll call the police.'"

"Police!" sneered the inebriate. "What do I care for the police? They can't stop me talking."

"Possibly," observed the lady amid a ripple of laughter, "he is one of those university professors who think the police have no right to curb free speech."



THE GATEWAY

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A MISAPPREHENSION

It appears that there has been some misapprehension concerning the relations of President Wallace and The Gateway regarding the publication of the statement made by Eric Gibbs two weeks ago. We have been led to believe that many students have the impression President Wallace learned of the contents of this article and forbade us to publish it, and that we did so in spite of his objections. We feel it to be our duty to correct this impression, since Dr. Wallace's attitude towards The Gateway has been, we feel, eminently fair. He was informed of the nature of the article in case he cared to comment on it, but refused to make any statement for publication regarding it. In connection with its publication, he said merely that, although he disagreed with the view that Mr. Gibbs should be allowed to represent the University, he would not oppose the publication in The Gateway of any statements which Mr. Gibbs or anyone else wished to make on the matter.

FREE SPEECH AND THE FUTURE

Elsewhere in this issue is a brief account of one of the not infrequent controversies which periodically disrupt the even tenor of life at the University of Toronto. This particular outbreak is concerned with the feelings of the Faculty of that University towards the city authorities, who have persistently, and often by means of organized violence, put down any activities fostered by the Unemployed or Communists of the City of Toronto.

The action of that city in this matter is interesting, not only in view of the feelings of the local authorities on such matters, but as indicative of the action of most governing bodies in times of crisis. Almost everywhere one hears of parades of the unemployed being broken up by armed force; indeed such incidents have become so commonplace as to be relegated to the inside pages of the newspapers in order to make way for the more interesting details of Hollywood scandals.

Unimportant as these events may seem they have a far-reaching significance. History does not repeat itself event for event, but certain tendencies have a habit of recurring. One such tendency which history has witnessed time and again is that of a suppressed movement to gather almost unbelievable force and turn upon its suppressors. Time and again suppression has led to final outbreaks far more devastating in character than might logically have been suspected of the movement itself. However, it is a prerogative of those in power to reject history, or to attempt drastic improvements upon it, to take a near-sighted viewpoint, and let the more distant future look after itself.

The trouble is that the "more distant future" has arrived and the system of putting matters off cannot be continued. Men in public office are admitting that they had not dreamed conditions could arrive at the state they are in today. Surely under these circumstances it should be plain that some drastic reorganization of policies is in order. A little more thought and a little less platitudinous talk of prosperity being just around the corner (at the same time quietly knocking on the head the unemployed men who belie the truth of the statements) is what is needed today. Those who persist in the methods of knocking the unemployed over the head as a remedy for unemployment are simply inviting revolution sooner or later.

The statement made by the sixty-eight professors of the University of Toronto was both timely and courageous. The fact that it was endorsed by a majority of their colleagues is a hopeful sign that some people at least are not only aware of the real import of the situation, but are willing to countenance freedom of speech, even when the utterances are contrary to their personal opinions.

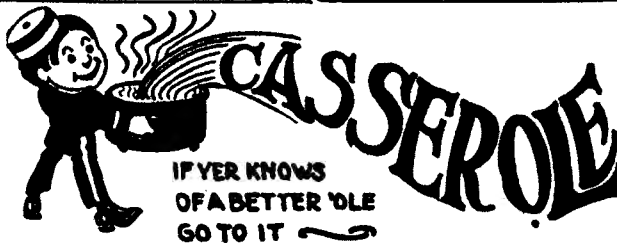
A SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT

We dislike making continual comments upon the little defects which we run across from time to time in our University buildings; the idea may get abroad that we are dissatisfied with some of these things and feel that they should be changed. However, we feel it incumbent upon us to complain about one thing more. This is the matter of both the quality and quantity of light furnished by the electric lights in the classrooms.

This is not an item which will affect the students in general; except in the case of lectures held at 4:30 or five o'clock in the afternoon artificial light plays but a small part in classroom life. But the lighting with which those attending late afternoon lectures have to contend is little short of terrible. We refer in particular to the lighting in the room in which we doze fitfully during our own five o'clock class, but we have been led to believe it is equally bad in all the rooms of the Arts Building.

It should be possible to do something about this. If the installation of higher-powered globes would help it should be a comparatively cheap and simple matter to install these, even if only in the particular rooms used by late afternoon classes.

The only thing which can be said for the present system is that it may illustrate one of the contentious



We read somewhere that the song, "Three O'clock in the Morning" was written by a milkman in Buenos Aires, but we are inclined to think that it was written by a student just finishing a Lab. Report.

Med: "Some terrible things are caught from kissing."
Soph: "Yeah. You ought to see the poor worm my sister caught."

A little love, a little hate,
And that was life;
A little hanging on the gate
And then a wife.

"How long you in jail fo', Mose?"
"Two weeks."
"What am de cha'ge?"
"No cha'ge, eberyting am free."
"Ah mean, what has yo' been done?"
"Done shot my wife."
"Yo' been killed yo' wife an' only in jail fo' two weeks?"

"Dat's all—then ah gets hung."
Judge: "You stole eggs from this man's shop. Have you any excuse?"
Accused: "Yes, I took them by mistake."
Judge: "How was that?"
Accused: "I thought they were fresh."

Husband: "Yes, that's what they say. Money talks."
Wife: "Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I get so lonely."

A racketeer, on trial for murder, bribed an Irishman with \$100 to hold out for a verdict of manslaughter. After being out for a long time, the jury returned with the desired verdict.
"I'm awfully grateful to you," the racketeer told the Irishman. "Did you have much trouble."
"Yes," replied the son of Erin, "I had the dickens of a time. All the rest wanted to acquit you."

Mistress (engaging maid): "And why did you leave your last place?"
Maid: "Because the master kissed me."
Mistress: "And you didn't approve, eh?"
Maid: "I didn't mind; it was the mistress who didn't like it."

Prof. (returning from world tour): "Our trip was very colorful."
Frosh: "Yes, I suppose it would be, crossing the Red Sea."

Dinah: "Is you made all yo' 'rrangements fo' yo' wedding?"
Mandy: "Not quite. I've got to buy a trooso, an' rent a house an' get my husband a job, an' get some regular washing work. An' when them's done, ah can name the happy day."

Mrs. Chatterer: "Good-bye, and thank you for the interesting news."
Mrs. Idle-Gossip: "Be sure and tell everybody not to tell anybody what I told you."

Father: "Now I want to put a little scientific question to you, my son: When the kettle boils what does the steam come out of the spout for?"

Son: "So that mother can open your letters before you get them."

"Pa, why was Adam created first?"
"To give him a chance to say something."—Ex.

The only reason we can see why Truth, Justice and Trustworthiness are always represented in the form of a woman is to emphasize those laudable qualities by contrast.

Many a girl who knows nothing at all about archery can draw a beau.

Fond Papa: "And could you support my daughter?"
Sutor: "I have two strong arms."
Fond Papa: "But can they support her?"
Sutor: "They often have, sir!"

Dear old lady (to young girl coming out of night club): "I wonder, young lady, what your father would say if he saw you here at this time of night."
"Probably," said the sweet young thing, "he would say, 'Don't tell mother!'"

Delia: "Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."

Bea: "Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night."

"I want to change this can of asparagus for some tobacco."

"Sorry, but we only change food for food."
"Then give me some chewing tobacco."

Rastus had returned home early from work. Going to the cupboard he commenced to sharpen his razor.

"Wha' fo' yo' gwine sharpen yo' razor, Rastus?" enquired his wife, Mandy, anxiously.

"Well, wife-woman," answered Rastus, "if dere ain't a nigger in them shoes sticking out from under yo' bed, I'se gonna shave."

points of the Theory of Evolution, the survival of the fittest. Those students with weak eyesight will probably be eliminated by becoming entirely blind, while those with strong eyesight should under this intensive training develop a sort of super-sight and should be able to walk down 88th Avenue without difficulty even on an unusually dark night.



Would those signing themselves "Three Overtown Fans," F.D., W.A., and M.B. who contributed a letter to The Gateway, please make their identities known to the Editor. These need not be disclosed in the paper, but we cannot print correspondence the author of which is unknown to us.

Twenty Years Ago

Gateway—January, 1911

Sport. — Hockey: The criticism which has been offered that the University was a little premature in entering provincial hockey has already been amply refuted. There have been many predictions as to what the result will be when the teams of either city meet Varsity. That will be settled by the Deacons of Edmonton as this issue goes to press. (Note.—From later edition: Deacons 4, Varsity 0.)

The World at Large.—There have been recently some interesting developments in connection with the International Peace movement. The idea of the permanent abolition of war is something with which no right-minded man can refuse to sympathize, and while the practical man with some knowledge of history and biology may feel dubious of the result, he will refrain at least from sneering.

It was only the other day that the press announced the gift by Mr. Carnegie of the princely sum of ten million dollars towards the furthering of the cause of world peace. Perhaps even more significant is the statement that Mr. Taft is to propose to the American Senate the amendment of the existing arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the Republic to the effect that the contracting parties should agree to submit to arbitration questions affecting their "national honour." It is probable enough that the British Government—regardless of which political party were in power—would listen sympathetically to any such proposition—supposing it should receive the sanction of the American Senate.

As a matter of fact a moment more opportune for the discussion of such an idea could hardly be selected. Canada is the only one of the British nations whose interests are frequently apt to bring her into collision with the American union, and every knows that Ottawa and Washington, after years of petty mutual distrust, are now, with practically all differences satisfactorily adjusted, on the most cordial and neighborly good terms. As The Gateway goes to press, representatives of His Majesty's Canadian Government are in Washington at Mr. Taft's invitation to see if it would be possible for the two countries to come to more friendly trade agreements than those embodied in the tall steel-spiked tariff fences which at present bar commerce and irritate good feeling.

TEN YEARS AGO

Gateway—January 26, 1921

The Colonial Ball.—Dainty ladies in beautiful colonial costumes courtesying to gallant "gentlemen" in silken breeches and waistcoats marked the scene in Convocation Hall, Thursday evening, Jan. 13th, when the Wauweta Society held its annual Colonial Ball. Everybody came with the expectation of having a good time, and nobody was disappointed. Dancing, including a grand march, minute, and a Sir Roger de Coverley, was indulged in. During the evening the guests were held up by a ferocious highwayman, who caused much merriment by flourishing a wicked-looking pistol and chasing some of the gallants around the room.

Life to the second year medical student: Just one damned quizz after another.

Editorial.—We have often heard it remarked that it does not matter what marks a student takes in a test provided that he keeps his head above water. The basis of this statement is that the world does not judge us by what we do in the University. Admitting for the moment the somewhat questionable truth of this latter statement, we would like to discuss this matter of examinations. We know that there are certain minds which are unable to adapt themselves to the test system, and which would do infinitely better under some other system, but as these minds will have no opportunity here of revealing their talents they can only be ignored.

For the time being the University is our world. Some may call it a cradle, others may call it a fossil; others again may pronounce it to be a technical school or an anachronism. Whatever it may be, during four short years it is the world where we study or waste our time, according to our temperaments. It is only a preparatory world, but it is important enough to be taken seriously. While it is true that we may fit ourselves for our future life by obtaining a steady average of 50 per cent., receiving at the end of our course the degree which will qualify us to earn our livelihood, that can never be considered a satisfactory way of reaching our goal. Everyone in life strives for success, and it is doubtful, whether the man or woman who is only 50 per cent. successful will ever be a shining light in the human firmament. Our goal is a degree which may be attained by a possible mark of 100 per cent. To be successful, truly successful, we must come as near to this mark of 100 per cent. efficiency as possible.

Our world is bounded by the campus, and to achieve success we must do our best here if we are to do our

best in after years. The student who scrapes through college by a narrow margin will scrape through life in an exactly similar fashion.

The corkscrew may have lost its pull, but our little Bobbie hasn't when it comes to getting invitations to social evenings from Pembina.

EXCHANGE

Sinclair Lewis to Receive Nobel Prize (McMaster Silhouette)

From Stockholm comes the announcement that Sinclair Lewis, famed novelist and satirist, has been voted the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1930. The award is valued at over \$46,000.00, which constitutes a new high record for this annual award.

Among the best known books of Mr. Lewis are "Main Street" published in 1920 which brought him into the literary limelight; "Babbitt" in 1922, "Arrowsmith" in 1925, and "Elmer Gantry" in 1927.

How to Cross Streets With Three Bucks and an End Run (From Washington Daily via the McGill Daily)

University of Washington, Jan. 16.—Jimmy Paclan overlooked a great opportunity when trying to teach his team something about broken field running. He forgot about the intersection at 45th and 21st—also the winding road up the hill.

The pedestrian gets back in punt formation almost to the rally ground. The next step is a long end run around right, which carries him to the edge of the curb. On the first attempt through centre he is held for no gain, by two Fords and a motorcycle. That makes it third down, and a spin play takes him through for five yards, to be stopped by an oil truck, Standard of California. The last play is bound to be one of two things. Either a beautiful display of broken-field running evades a Chrysler roadster and three racing D.G.'s, or else the runner is smeared behind the line. Ding, ding, cemetery next stop.

A Street Interview With Two Students and a Hobo (McGill Daily)

The scene is opposite the Roddick campus gate; the time is the late winter's afternoon. Two students are wending their way homeward bound along Sherbrooke street when a human derelict appeals to them for "the price of a cup of coffee."

First Student: "Just what do you desire, my man?"

Derelict: "Could you help a fellow get something to eat?"

Second Student: "Let's beat it home, George."

First Student: "How long have you been up against it?"

Derelict: "For several months, since they closed up the plant."

First Student: "You will be forced to admit, my man, that it is ultra vires to solicit on the street."

Derelict: "A dime for a cup of coffee and a cruller is all I ask for."

Second Student: "In case you get a hand-out from us where will you get your cats?"

Derelict: "Down at one of the one-armed Ritz places."

First Student: "I am not so convinced that we ought to lend our assistance in this particular instance."

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THIS MACHINE AGE

Being a Defense of the Machine

By J. Stiles Beggs

SYNOPSIS

Wonders of the present Machine Age and possibilities for the future. The two great evils of the Machine Age, Mechanized Man and unemployment.

New wine in old wine-skins. The need of a new social system competent to meet the demands of the Machine Age.

The Machine Age is here and, using the word in a broad enough sense, for not even the imagination of a Jules Verne can predict the machines of tomorrow, it is here to stay. Here to stay because no matter how much we may deary this Machine Age we would not be willing to live the way our grandfathers did, and the machine is the very backbone of our present civilization. The dawn of the Machine Age has not been all sunshine, however, and from Rousseau down there have been many who claimed that the fault lies in the machine itself and not in man's use of it, and would have us go back to the ways of our grandfathers. But I wonder if we would all be willing to go back to manual labor for sixteen hours a day in order that each family might produce for its own needs, even if it were possible for these northern latitudes to support their present population without using machinery. The real trouble lies in the fact that our social system has not kept pace with the rapidly changing conditions brought about by the development of machinery. The sociologist and theologian have ever been hard put to keep pace with the engineer and scientist. The reason is obvious, while society (including morality), religion, machines and science are all the products of evolution the latter two have been under the direct and conscious control of pragmatists, who asked only one question, will it work? When machines and theories were found that worked better the old ones were discarded in spite of any sentiment that might have become attached to them. The remarkable success of the engineer and scientist might well make the sociologist and moralist ask if they too might not apply the scientific method to their subjects in order that our social system might be able to meet new conditions when they arrive. An inadequate social system is causing misery in all walks of life and the mental conflict through which our youth is forced to pass in adjusting out-of-date religions to this up-to-date world (hence the S.C.M.) is a disgrace to this enlightened age. The machine and science, far from getting credit for what they have done for us, carry the blame for all our ills.

Chicks by the Incubator

This is an Age of Machines; an age of autos, automats and aeroplanes, radios, robots and railroads. In every field we find the machine pre-eminent. In agriculture the preparation of fodder, milking, tilling,

harvesting and threshing are all done by machinery. Even the clucking hen is giving way to the incubator. In the textile industry we have machines for picking, cleaning and spinning the cotton, and most ingenious ones for weaving complicated patterns in cloths and laces. Still others are used to fabricate the cloth into ready-made clothes. The steel industry is highly mechanized. Huge steam shovels, ore trains, ore boats, unloading cranes, mighty blast furnaces, thirty ton ladles glowing with their burden of molten steel swung aloft by travelling cranes, rolling mills absorbing thousands of horse power, giant hydraulic presses turning out railway car wheels at a single squeeze, buzz saws cutting red hot steel rails in one quick Zzzz, mechanical long-necked dinosaurs that take huge mouthfuls of limestone and without batting an eye-lash plunge their heads far back into furnaces as big as a house containing a small fortune in steel merrily bubbling away on its floor,—all these make a modern steel plant a very interesting place.

From Soup to Nuts

The automotive industry is the home of the famous straight-line production system—raw material goes in one end of long narrow one-storey buildings and the finished product comes out the other. Special automatic machines costing thousands of dollars perform complicated operations with unerring accuracy and incredible speed. Long belts and overhead conveyors carry the parts from one machine to the next, each bringing them another step toward completion, when they are carried into the final assembly line. The final assembly line is indeed a marvellous sight, and here we see the machine age at its height. A long conveyor carries the cars slowly but steadily between two long rows of men and machines on either side. The cars seem to grow as if by magic, and finally purr off at the end of the line under their own power. This system has also been used in making aeroplanes, tractors, and telephones. In the home we have our sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, electric irons (curling and just the ordinary ones), dish washers, phonographs, clocks and radios. Some of our machines are very spectacular, at least were so, for familiarity breeds contempt. Some of these which might be mentioned are railway signals which stop a train automatically when in danger, the linotype machine, now controlled by telegraph, which casts the type for our newspapers, the printing telegraph, book binding machines, inspecting and packing machines, automatic glass blowing machines such as make our ordinary electric lights, adding

machines, addressographs, card sorting machines, reading machines for the blind, talkies, and now we have even chewing gum vendors that say "Thank you" or "Use only good coins, please."

And so we might go on and on, and in every walk of life (even baby has a creeper) we would find the machine. Mechanism is the very essence of our modern world.

Mechanical Brains

Maeterlinck, in giving illustrations of blind instinct in insects, tells of a mason bee that kept pouring honey into a cell which had been punctured by the observer, and finally deposited an egg and sealed up the cell although egg and all had flowed away. We have machines, grinders for instance, that grind a hole in hard steel until it is nearly the correct size, when it stops grinding and accurately measures the hole and then grinds some more, and so on until the hole is closer to the specified size than one-quarter the thickness of this paper. If the hole is spoiled to start with the machine, unlike the silly bee, will waste no time upon it. True, the machine, like the bee, can only do what its instinct tells it, but the mechanical instinct of the machine is the direct product of the mind and thus may be more rational than low forms of life. Thomas Edison believes that the principle of the Jacquard loom holds tremendous possibility for the future. This idea is to control machinery by combinations of holes punched in steel cards, with only a few elements we are thus able to control thousands of different movements, and thus give our machine a mechanical brain of low order which can remember, but cannot think. The vacuum tube, by means of which you can listen to a fly walk, and the photo-electric cell which can quickly respond to minute changes in light, offer tremendous possibilities to the machine designer. Wonderful

(Continued on Page 5)

FEATURES

The general idea seems to be that I am to write a feature for The Gateway. Now, what on earth do people write features about, anyway? Does it have to be something new and original? That's asking too much, really. A popular playwright (and it wasn't G.B.S., either) once said that it must have been lots of fun being Adam and having all the jokes and plots in the world at one's disposal.

Well, I could write on the Indian question—but what's the use? Everyone knows all about that—even to the answer—since the debate, which left absolutely no doubt about it at all. It's too bad that those people in London couldn't have heard it because it would have saved such a lot of time and bother about conferences and things if they only knew, as we do now, the proper way to settle the thing.

Then there are politics in general, but I've never been quite sure whether The Gateway is Liberal or Conservative, so that's out.

And, of course, I could write about men, but we've all so terribly Crushed, my dear, and so Utterly Devastated, if you know what I mean, by all the things they said about us last week (I simply can't Breathe) that no one would dare to say a word. Anyway we don't want to make the little angels all mad 'n everything again. We like our men dignified, and besides it's terribly bad for their digestions. That disposes of the two most important questions in the world—men and politics. What else?

Philosophy?—but a mere woman couldn't discuss so astute (I'm not sure whether I mean "astute" or "abstruse") a subject.

Poetry? Certainly not! A horrid man once called my poetry "Eye-wash," and the subject has been a very painful one to me ever since. Long skirts and femininity? Old stuff—we've been that way almost a year now.

Unemployment? Everyone talks about that, so why should I?

Well, I give up. I don't think feature-writing is a wise thing to attempt anyway, especially since we have no Union of Gateway feature-writers, and in times like these one really must have protection. The voice of the people, you know—the proletariat.

—"B."

PORTEOUS SPEAKS TO MATH. CLUB

Paper Presented on Heaviside's Operational Calculus as Applied to Electrical Circuits

"Heaviside's Operational Calculus" was the subject of a paper given to the Math Club last Tuesday afternoon. The speaker, Mr. J. W. Porteous, dealt in particular with the application of operators to an electrical circuit.

The circuit considered possessed inductance and resistance in series with an electromotive force supply. For simplicity, it was at first assumed that the current attained its maximum value immediately on applying an electrical potential across the series-connected resistance and inductance, i.e., that the current (to use Heaviside's phraseology) was a unit function of the time. The application of operational calculus to the ordinary equation for such a circuit then gave an expression for the current in terms arrived at much more easily than those involved in ordinary differentiation and integration.

It was shown that Heaviside's method is easily adapted to electrical circuits in which the current and voltage values behave as sine functions. The necessary "operational

INDIVIDUALITY

By M.

Someone has said that our present educational system has the effect of killing individuality, of turning out human beings from the factory of learning in a standardized form—almost so standardized, one would think, that spare parts can be purchased at any department store. Large-scale production even in culture, so they say, tends to economise in time and labor by swamping out individual differences, thus killing originality, initiative and self-reliance. If that is so, may Heaven preserve us from any other educational system, for if the people we know were any more individualized than they are now—we hate to think of it. The possibility is terrifying.

What a lot of individual types there are! Original individuals, individuals with initiative and self-reliance—plenty of it. The other night we were at a card party and we met them all. Our first partner was a young man, one of these let-me-sell-you-a-vacuum-cleaner—it-pays-for-itself-in-no-time type. He was sociability itself. He called one "old dear" as the first hand was being dealt, he whistled, he sang, he drummed his fingers on the table, he ate all the candy on the plate, in other words he was a friendly, companionable sort of individual. And concealed. He hid five spades and made

it—and reminded us at every trick that he knew he could make his bid. He sang and he whistled, and he laughed and beamed at all of us as he picked up his cards, telling us in his pleasant, cheerful manner that he always made his bid, that he always bid high, that he knew just what cards to play and just what cards we held—in short, that he was an excellent player. He was cheer personified, was this young man. When his opponents bid and went down, he explained in that good-natured, happy way of his that he would never have bid on that hand, but still the bid could have been made—he would have made it. He sang some more, and whistled some more, and fairly rocked the table in his good-humour. We were glad to see the last of his beaming, sunshiny face.

The next arrival at our table, as it happened, was a young lady, one of these sweet demure creatures with a permanent smile as well as a permanent wave. She kept her head on one side and smiled at us with her soulful eyes, and forgot that it was her turn to bid, forgot that anyone else had bid, or sweetly failed to remember what they had bid. Oh, she was charming, with her great timid eyes and sweet apologetic smile, she would turn in a hand with twelve face cards sooner than venture bidding some suit that her partner might not have. With the same sweet smile that seemed a world of encouragement she would admiringly let her partner bid five hearts, then lay down her hand without a single heart, having forgotten already what he had bid. When she dealt a hand, every card she laid down, and when she played, every card she drew out, was a veritable apology. She apologized in every movement, in every tone of her voice, in every flutter of her eyelashes for having to inflict her presence on us; she tried to compensate for the discomfort that she knew she must be causing us by being sweet, honey-sweet, saccharine, hesitatingly timid slow-molasses sweet. At last, thankfully, we moved to another table and left her shrunk back in the corner of her chair, gazing with wide admiring eyes at our retreating backs, her head drooped on one side; and her smile apologetic and wistful.

The gentleman who was worried over the loss of individuality in our generation might well have been invited to this party—he would never have worried again on that score. Every type imaginable was represented. The old gentleman who stormed when his partner kept silent and thundered when she bid; the middle-aged lady who would persist in telling us the whole story of her small son's progress at school; the morose, elderly man who kept dwelling on a trick he had lost at the last table; the young lady who told us in detail of the lively bridge party she had been to last Saturday night; and the other young lady who told of almost winning first prize several weeks ago, and gave us every figure of the score she had held. They were all

there, and all in good form—it was a most wearisome evening.

We said at the beginning of this treatise that we wished Heaven to preserve us from any change in the school system. But we wish to withdraw that statement. There is one type of school we would rejoice to see—the type that really would turn out a standardized, uniform product. And if it ever draws near, with hesitating uncertain steps, we will rush out and welcome it with open arms, for in it we see a solution to all the problems of mankind. Just imagine what such a school could do. A good model, yourself for example, could be selected and all the pupils built on that model, and thereafter the world would be at peace and men would quarrel no more. But that, we fear, is a dream of the future, and for the present we must put up with individuals, and types, one type for each individual.

IMPERIALS WIN TO TIE WITH VARSITY

Oilmen Defeat Forty-ninth to Share Second Place With Varsity

The Forty-ninth hockey sextet suffered their eighth straight defeat at the hands of the Imperials, when the Imperials went on a three-goal scoring spree in the third period. The score was 2-1 at the end of the first period and the second period passed with no scoring. However, in the third period the soldiers wilted, and Moher and Broadfoot combined for three goals to put the game on ice for the Imperials.

Every player on the Imperials turned in a fine game, and Howey and Bowen starred for the soldiers. Imperials: Castagner; Broadfoot and Power; Horne, Collingwood and Grove; Hague, Moher and Purcell.

Forty-ninth: Howey, Dame and Kieffer; McTavish, Colville and Bowen; Tuckett, Inkster and Dunvegan.

Referee: Clarence Campbell.

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SPORTS



Varsity Divides Points With Imperials in Overtime Game

Students Lead 2-0 at End of First Period, But Loose Playing Allows Imperials to Even Up—Varsity Had Decided Edge

Outplaying their opponents in two and a half of the three periods Varsity grew lax for a few minutes in the second period and allowed the Imperials to score two goals and tie up the proceedings. The oilmen, having tied the count, strove hard to win, but Varsity kept them on the defensive for most of the game. In our humble opinion Varsity were well worth a win, having at least three shots to one at Castagner and taking the offensive from the face-off.

In the second period with Varsity's second string on forward, Power and Stan Moher slipped the puck past Ross for goals which robbed Varsity of a well-earned victory.

First Period
Varsity started with a strong offensive and banged shot after shot at Cassy, who pulled some fine saves. With the period three-quarters gone, Klaseen, playing his first game, came down the left boards and put one by Castagner. This gave the added incentive to the Green and White boys, who tried hard, but found Varsity's defence too tough. Soon after Bill Montgomery staged another of his famous rushes. John Dorsey was along his starboard side and took a well-timed pass to slam in Varsity's second goal. Right then Varsity fans got real confident. But sad to relate so did the team.

Second Period
Evidently smarting from a talk by their coach, the Imperials came out looking for blood. Pal Power, the lanky defence man, found a hole in the defence and wadded the biscuit past Ross for the Imperials' opener. Encouraged by this success he again came down a minute later with Stan Moher tagging along. Anxious to help Stan's scoring average, he gave the right-winger a pass which Stan

transferred into a goal. This was of the earned variety, but Pal's first effort should never have been in the scoring column.

Varsity came to life and for ten minutes subjected the Imperials to a torrid attack. Time and again they broke through only to shoot wide or have Cassy pull a lovely save. John Dorsey broke our nerves to an open goal. Varsity tried hard and had most of the play, but couldn't register.

Third Period

Here again Varsity took the offensive, but the Imperials came to determined to hold their place. Shots were of the longer variety, each team playing a safer game. As the minutes ticked off overtime grew inevitable and there were three periods of hard checking. Close checking and safe playing featured the three bargain sessions, resulting in the points being split.

Varsity's defence shone as usual. Dorsey was the pick of the forwards, with Tollington and Wright working hard.

Power was in on both goals for the Imperials, and Lefty Grove looked good.

Summary

Varsity: Ross, Hall, Montgomery, Dorsey, Wright, Tollington, Pinkney, Willens and Klaseen.

Imperials—Castagner, Broadfoot, Power, Grove, Horne, Collingwood, Moher, Case, Haig.

Scoring—First period: Klaseen unassisted, Dorsey from Montgomery.

Second period: Power, Moher from Power.

Third period: None.

Three overtime periods: None.

Referee: Clarence Campbell.

INTERFAC. CAGERS PLAY TWO GAMES

Arts and Science Register Wins—Tied for First Place

Two games on Thursday night, Jan. 22, in "A" Division left the Arts and Science squads tied for first place in the Interfaculty Basketball League.

The first contest between the Arts and Meds was rough, but good play was shown. The Arts aggregation won by a score of 22-18. The Arts worked their combination well, which gave them their victory over the more experienced Meds. The teams lined up as follows:

Arts "A": Simmons, Reeves, Grant, Crawford, Hannonchko, Ostlund.
Meds "A": McGill, Cairns, Douglass, Martin, Goudin, Holmes, Svarich.
Referee: A. Donaldson.

The Arts and Science then did battle. The brand of basketball in this game was not so good, and shooting was very ragged. The score was close until the last period when the Science team took the better of the play to win 28-23.

Lineups:
Sci "A": Sherwood, Ormond, Burke, Gale, Tyrell, Hunter, Cornelius, Lilje.

Ags "A": Putnam, McAllister, Borgal, Holowaychuk, Hide, Preston.
Referee: A. Donaldson.

A "B" Division league game was also staged the same night between the Meds and Science. This proved to be a very good game, with Science having the edge of the play and winning 26-19.

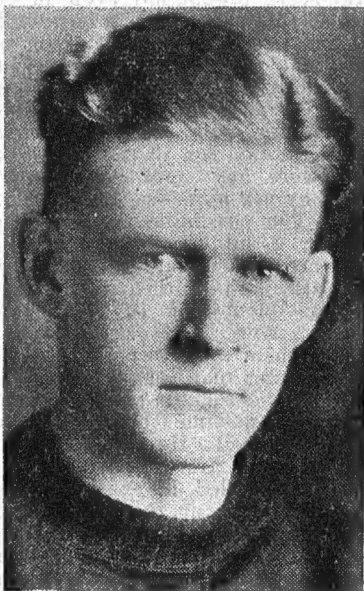
Lineups:
Sci "B": Wagnow, Carruthers, Krull, Layton, Graham, Brown.
Meds "B": Black, Watts, Williams, Stewart, Newby, Whitmore, Hall.
Referee: A. Irwin.

"A" Division Standing

Team	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
Arts	3	2	1	4
Sci	3	2	1	4
Ags	2	1	1	2
Meds	2	0	2	0

FOR TAXI PHONE 24444

STAR CENTRE



"JAWN" DORSEY

Varsity's flashy centre man, who has been playing wonderful hockey this year. "Jawn" at present stands second in the senior scoring list.

VARSITY ORPHANS DEFEAT MAYFAIRS

Varsity Takes Early Lead to Win First Game

The Varsity "Orphans," Arena senior hockey entry, staged a comeback on Tuesday evening, and trimmed the Mayfairs by the score of 4-2. Playing in an assortment of sweaters which completely dazzled their opponents, the Varsity boys combined smartly to pile up an early lead in the first two periods.

Things looked dark for Varsity in the first few minutes of the game when J. Brown scored a rather lucky goal. Clarence Cook, however, proved himself a real "Orphan," by not only equalizing the score, but also putting his team in the lead. Shortly before the end of the first period McKee made it 3-1 on a neat pass from Burgess. Varsity had a decided edge this period.

The second period was fairly even, with the back-checking of the Varsity boys featuring. Mead on a pass from Kinnear made it 4-1, and shortly afterward the Mayfairs evened it slightly when Coupland made it 4-2.

A thrilling third period rally was staged by the Mayfairs and for twenty solid minutes they hemmed Varsity in behind their blue-line, but could not beat Anderson's stellar goal-tending. Mead was the bad man of the night with two trips to the cooler.

On Friday night the "Orphans" link up with the ex-Juniors, and again hope to spill the dope-bucket.

Mayfairs: Cameron, Williamson, Martell, Green, Coupland, Horne, Campbell, J. Brown, B. Brown.

Orphans: Anderson, Mead, Thompson, Kinnear, Herron, Cook, Burgess, McKee, McConnell.

ENGINEERS WIN IN INTERFAC. HOCKEY

McKee, Porter and Tansey Score for Science in First Five Minutes

On account of slow ice the interfaculty hockey game on Monday night was very ragged. The Engineers started with a rush, and at the end of the first five minutes the Meds found themselves down 3-0. The Meds then found themselves, and there was no more scoring during the game.

The Engineers took the lead shortly after the opening, when McKee dashed down the right boards and beat Wilson with a neat shot. Porter, not to be outdone by his teammate, repeated soon after. The Meds fought hard, but Tansey and McConnell broke away and Tansey slammed the washer past Wilson on a

ZEPHYRS ON TOP OF WINDY LEAGUE

Chinooks Are Deep in Cellar of the Race

The "Zephyrs," leaders of the famed "Mogul Hockey Loop," again demonstrated that they are contenders for the Stanley Cup, by taking the "Cyclones" into camp to the tune of 5-1. The "Cyclones", minus two of their star performers, "Hootch" Shandro and "Balmey" Beach, never got in the picture throughout. "Hootch" Shandro was unable to attend since he was taking part in the finals of the Chesterfield Rugby Contest for Moguls. "Balmey" Beach is still suffering from injuries received at the Ag banquet.

Starting the first period with a rush, "Bull" Boxburgh of the Zephyrs circled the Cyclones' net 8 times, and after getting the goalie dizzy slammed the puck in for the first tally of the game. The Zephyrs continued the pressing, and after displaying the best combination seen since the B.V.D. hockey team went defunct, "Typhoon" King, the mighty but diminutive little star, batted three more past Askin. "Typhoon" felt rather insulted in the second period when "Moosemeat" McConnell mistook him for the puck.

Every player on the Zephyrs counted at least twice more to make the score 5 nil, and then the Cyclones got their break. Coming down the ice eight abreast they beat the defence and let fly a high one that caught "Baby" Austin on the rear mudguard and bounced into the net. "Stonewall" Russell, the pride of Pembina, had no chance whatever to save.

For the Cyclones, Will and Gale played splendidly, and if they keep on improving the U. of A. girls' team will be much improved. A serious injury occurred early in the second period when Moosemeat McConnell's stick was fractured in three places. He was disabled for the remainder of the game, since he could not secure another. The score would have been much larger, but "Smudge" Askin, the "Cyclone" goalie, could not dodge all the shots.

It is difficult to pick a star on the Zephyr team. There are none.

VARSITY LADIES LOSE TO MONARCHS

First Game of City Senior League Won by Monarchs 4-0

The Varsity ladies' hockey team lost out to the Monarchs Wednesday night last in the first game of the City Senior League, by a score 4-0. The co-eds were handicapped, owing to the fact that as yet they have not been able to practise very much. Nevertheless they put up a good game, considered by many to be better than the first game last year.

The Monarchs had the edge on the shooting, while the Varsity girls played for the most part a defence game. In the first period the Monarchs scored two goals and one more in each of the other two periods. "Sparky" Wolfe and Margaret Harris accounted for them. Bessie Clark, goalkeeper for the co-eds, prevented any more. Margaret Craig played a good defence game. The Monarchs had a strong defence lineup. It was

nice pass from McConnell.

From then on the game was hard fought, the Meds pressing hard. Both teams came near scoring, but sterling work on the part of the goalies prevented further scoring.

Rendall, McLennan and Cook shone for the Meds, while McKee, McConnell and McGowan were the pick of the Engineers.

The teams lined up as follows:
Meds: Wilson, McLennan, LeFebvre, Drummond, Kendall, Huckvale, Cook, Gibson, Clark.
Engineers: McNally, McGowan, Britton, Tansey, McConnell, McKee, Porter.

INTERFACULTY LEAGUE STANDING

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Science	3	2	1	0	4
Med-Dents	3	2	1	0	4
Arts-Pharm	2	1	1	0	2
Ag-Com-Law	2	0	2	0	0

VARSITY LADIES TO PLAY GRADS

Game With Manitoba Feb. 6—Also Varsity Ladies Will Play Professors

The Senior Ladies' Basketball team will play the Grads in the McDougall High School on Thursday evening, January 29, at nine o'clock. This game is one in the Northern Division of the Provincial series.

The usual line-up of ten will be seen in action: Ruth Fry, Mary Melnyk, Josie Kopta, Ethel Barnett, Helen Mahaffy, Vada McMahan, Margaret Kinney, Helen Ford, Barbara Linke, and Margaret Morrison.

On Friday, February 6, the Manitoba Senior Ladies will play the Varsity team. Also the funniest game of the season—the Professors versus the Varsity Ladies—will be played some time during the second week in February. Watch for further announcements of these games.

SPORTING SLANTS

It was with some pride that we read in a local paper of a mythical all-star hockey team picked from the Edmonton Senior League. Five of Varsity's performers were chosen—Hall and Montgomery defence, and Dorsey, Wright and Tollington as forwards.

Despite what local papers say on the question, if you read Mr. Gourlay's report to the Council in last week's Gateway, you will discover that Manitoba is fielding a rugby team next fall.

From now on we don't despair that our writing is in vain. Last week we objected to smoking at hockey games. Last Saturday we saw the rink boasting "No Smoking" signs. More power to the press.

Well, Varsity is still in second place as a result of her draw against the Imperials last Saturday night. Those that saw the game realize that Varsity has the better team of the two. The boys had the best of the play and should have won, but as it is, the boys are sitting fairly pretty.

Kid Klaseen made his debut in the Senior League with a sweet goal. This boy has lots of speed and should develop; and our friend "Jawn" Dorsey came through with the goods.

SENIOR LEAGUE SCORING GIVEN

The following is the goals, assists and total points made in the Senior Hockey League. A goal or assist counts 1 point.

	G.	A.	Pts.
Graham (S)	6	4	10
Dorsey (V)	6	1	7
Montgomery (V)	4	3	7
Crossland (S)	4	2	6
Grove (I)	6	0	6
Bowen (49th)	4	2	6
Power (I)	3	3	6
Brown (S)	5	0	5
Hall (V)	4	1	5
Horne (I)	4	0	4
Walker (S)	3	1	4
Willens (V)	4	0	4
McTavish (49th)	3	1	4
Moher (I)	3	1	4
Broadfoot (I)	3	0	3
Collingwood (I)	0	2	2
Case (I)	2	0	2
Wright (V)	2	0	2
Tollington (V)	1	1	2
Pinkney (V)	0	2	2
Zuchet (49th)	2	0	2
MacMillan (S)	1	0	1
Smith (S)	1	0	1
Klaseen (V)	1	0	1
Hague (I)	1	0	1
Purcell (I)	1	0	1
Greenlees (I)	1	0	1
King (V)	1	0	1
Colville (49th)	1	0	1
Inkster (49th)	1	0	1
Dame (49th)	0	1	1
G. Ferris (49th)	1	0	1
S. Ferris (49th)	0	1	1

a good clean game with only one penalty.

The lineup:
Varsity: Goal, Bessie Clark, defence, Pat McConkey, Margaret Craig; forwards, Kay Campbell, Laura Gourlay, Jean Knowlan, Gertrude Clayton, Kay Craig, Mary Cogwell.

Monarchs: Goal, Dot Harvey; defence, Cal Ross, Elaine Ross; forwards, "Sparky" Wolfe, Margaret Harris, Isabel Nairn, Violet Davies, Margaret Stevenson.
Referee: W. Kendall.

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This lad sure has the goods, and he shows them.

The back-checking of the Varsity team last Saturday was a treat to behold. Tollington, Klaseen, Dorsey and Wright are three very fast men, and certainly make use of it. Willens and Pinkney held up their end of the load.

On the defence, Hall and Montgomery were the usual tower of strength. They both rushed well, Al's stick-handling being of a very high grade. In goal, Dooley was his usual self. That boy is certainly some goalie. Who said he was about to blow up?

The Interfaculty Hockey League is having a great deal of difficulty in getting under way. They seem to have a lot of trouble getting hold of the ice. At present the Med-Dents and Engineers are leading the league, with the Arts-Pharm close behind.

We hear that the girls' hockey team is going to do battle with Profs next Saturday. The game is scheduled for 3:30, and it should be worth watching.

We notice that the men at the U. of B.C. are going to cease shaving till \$20,000 has been raised for a student undertaking. Might we suggest that the men at U. of A. grow beards till:

1. We get a new gym.
2. Varsity wins a hockey championship.
3. The women agree to dutch treats.
4. We get a new ventilating system in the Arts building.
- 5, 6, 7. Make them up to suit yourself.

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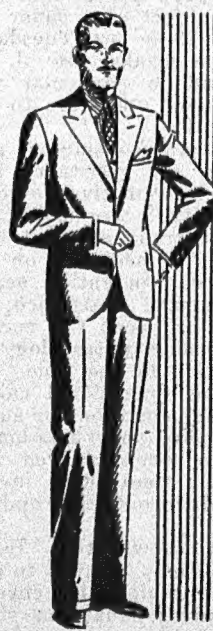
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POT POURRI

RUDY VALEE, FREE SPEECH, WHISKERING BARTONES, CANDY, RADIO SPEAKERS DISCUSSED

By Percival Hodnut

Boston Beans Vallée

Boston, it appears, is waking up. We base this observation on a single news item, it is true, but that item provides sufficient grounds for our belief. There could be no more significant criterion of Boston's new-found life than what occurred a night or two ago.

Rudy Vallée was bombarded with cabbages. In Boston, his assailants were possessed of rotten aim in addition to their rotten vegetables, so that Rudy escaped having his curly locks messed up. Still, we like to think that the cabbages were thrown. And in Boston.

It is not reported whether or not Mr. Vallée had addressed his audience as "Old beans" or "Boston Baked."

Free Speech

The Toronto "Varsity" is engaged in one of its usual "intolerance" controversies. This time the editor of that paper has chosen something worth while to worry about, in contrast to the "Varsity's" habit of making much of a petty circumstance. ("Petty" does not refer in punning fashion to the "Petting" editorials which appeared in "Varsity" a year or two ago.)

Free speech is the subject of debate. Out of approximately 230 members of the Toronto faculty who voted a 3-1 majority backs an "original 68" in its protest against the police chief's order forbidding public meetings for political purposes. We have here yet another instance of that intolerance which is said to be characteristic of Toronto. Yet that city is one of many comprising a commonwealth which is supposed to be marked by its degree of freedom. If we are informed correctly, Hyde Park, in the leading city of the Brit-

ish Commonwealth, is open to any group wishing to hold a public meeting for public discussion of governments, etc.

Repression does not seem to us to be a sensible means of combatting an undesirable element. Toronto, we think, will find it difficult to justify a stand which is contrary to the usual practise of Britishers.

B.C.'s Whiskering Baritones

Men students of the University of British Columbia will attempt to grow beards between the start and finish of the stadium committee's campaign for \$20,000. Meanwhile, co-eds will refuse to go places with the men who shave. We don't see the point in such a hair-raising stunt.

It may be that B.C. citizens are supposed to become disgusted with the whiskers (if any) to be seen on the faces of the soi disant intelligentsia, and may thus be shamed into paying the latter \$20,000 to clean up. Undoubtedly the girls will feel proud of their escorts at social functions; undoubtedly some ticklish situations will arise.

It would help us somewhat to have our B.C. friends inform us as to what is the point in their whisker campaign. The U. of A. Gymnasium Promotion Department, a branch of the Committee on Futile Attempts to Benefit U. of A. Students, might make use of the idea. King Gillette will then be forced to find disposal for unused razor blades (revenge is sweet!).

Says Ivor Brown: "No one, it has been observed, is ever completely miserable while sucking a chocolate caramel."

Mr. Brown does not inform us as to how many are completely happy while thus engaged. Being a man who is more or less a public figure, it might pay Ivor better to adopt that well-known slogan: "Reach for a Lucky, etc." rather than to boost the chocolate.

My Vast Unseen Audience

Among those who are fated to die young must be included those speakers who insist on pouring into the radio microphone the words "my vast unseen audience." Such people are worse than the man who trumps his partner's ace (to use an expression so common as to result in our own early demise).

Surely, after ten or twelve years of popular broadcasting, it is high time that speakers take their audience for granted, beyond the usual polite greeting and farewell. Nowadays, it would seem indicative of a particularly slow mentality, of a lack of the "keeping-abreast-of-the-times" attitude, to have a speaker refer in naive astonishment to his innumerable listeners. Statistics might reveal that the "vast unseen audience" automatically tunes in on a program which displays some glimmerings of intelligence, rather than listen to a man so lacking in originality and poise.

Having heard the deplored form of address used repeatedly by several members of parliament, we fear for the future of Canadian radio, should government monopoly of our stations be adopted. With after-dinner speakers the expression is common also, but they usually have something else of an almost interesting nature to tell us, which is in direct contrast to most M.P. parakeets.

Party Host of Current Year Will Resemble 3-Alarm Fire If Tailors Have Their Way

(Edmonton Journal)

Pittsburgh, Jan. 26.—At last the pesky problem of how, at all stages of the party, to distinguish the host from the head-waiter, member of the orchestra, or the guests, is about to be solved.

From now on the host will don his host suit. And what a suit!

Delegates here for the convention of the National Association of Merchant Tailors, opening today, whisper that they'll discuss the general idea,—something like this:

It will be a sort of tuxedo on generous lines, with trousers wide and slashed with satin. There will be a sprightly sash amidships, and a jacket of vivid hue. And there will be a shawl collar faced with bright silk. The suit will be of blue, purple, brown, tan, maroon—anything but black.

In addition the other 14 suits the tailors think the well-dressed man should have will be discussed.

—G. S. F.

A "SMELLOMETER"

In a book to which we have been subjected lately the author mentioned that all the senses except two have had machines invented to magnify them—the senses of smell and taste. He suggested that it would be a good idea for some bright inventor looking around for something to invent to start on a "smellometer." We wondered if we agreed with him at first, but having decided that when one of our bright young engineering students invented the machine he would of course make it so it could be turned on or off, it could magnify or lessen the odor, we decided it might be rather a good idea. We even hoped that the inventor would make it like a radio so that certain smells could be tuned in and other tuned out.

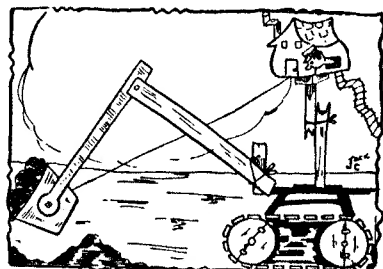
By this time we expect the bright young engineering student to have his design all drawn and merely be wondering where the market for these smellometers would come from, but that is quite simple. In the first place, every University of Alberta student would have one. Thus when the future chemists have been doing some present work in the Medical building and forgotten to close the windows, the students could take out their smellometers, tune out the odors concocted by the future chemists and tune in the sweet ones brought from overtown by the January breezes that scamper across the campus. Of course all the chemistry and physics labs. would have them and even the geology lab. might get a few.

Every housewife would find one indispensable. With it she could safely put the roast in the oven for dinner and then go out to the back fence to talk over it to Mrs. Smith. At the first whiff of burning the smellometer would magnify the odor, and she could be back and rescue the roast while it was still a delicious golden brown. Through the use of this handy little machine the hours of leisure of the housewife would be doubled. Of course all druggists would have them, the only disadvantage being that then they would have no excuse for mistakes. As we went on down the list of professions and vocations we saw numerous places where a machine of this type would be invaluable, even the lawyers might use one to smell out the weak points in their opponents' brief. Every man on the street should have one to eliminate the acid fumes of burned gasoline. We will even be using one as an alarm clock. How much pleasanter to have the first whiff of coffee so magnified as to waken us instead of having a raucous bell shock us into consciousness. But it has greater advantages than this, for with the smellometer to waken us we would never make the mistake of rising before breakfast and having to wait for it—we might even get on time for our eight-thirties.

Of course there are innumerable other markets for this remarkable little invention, and we wish to beg of you, Mr. Bright Young Engineering Student, that since we suggested it to you, you should retain us as your advertising manager; you can see from the above that we would be rather a good one. Please mention The Gateway when answering this advertisement.)

—PHILOMEL.

HUGE TURNOVER



IN CO-ED'S SPEECH

Rare etching by Cormack revealing some investigation work by a Gateway reporter. Looking for grains of wit in co-eds' chaff.

PHARM CLUB PLANS ANNUAL BANQUET

Date is Feb. 13—Place is the Mac—Big Hop Anticipated

The Pharmacy Club hasn't passed out yet by any means. Oh, no. We just got lazy over the holidays. But seeing as our big affair of the year is in the offing we must rouse ourselves in order to put the whoop in the whoopee we are noted for. Well, if you don't like us you needn't read further anyway.

At the meeting of the club held Monday night in A405 the finishing touches were put to arrangements for our banquet and dance, which will be held in the Macdonald Hotel on Friday, February 13th. If you're superstitious don't let a little thing like the date bother you. Trust your druggist—he is more than a merchant. And, while I touch wood, let me say we're some party throwers. The banquet will be for the members of the Pharmacy Club and their friends, and members and officials of the Alberta Pharmaceutical Association. But the dance—The Dance—is open to Varsity students. That's where you come in. Tickets will later be given to various members of the Pharmacy Club, notably, Miss Bea Anderson, Mr. Bud Miller and Mr. Tom Neely. You won't want to go to the banquet because of the speeches, but don't miss the dance. It's going to be good. Don't leave off till tomorrow what you can do today. Although the accommodations will be secured for a large gathering, still the number of tickets is limited. We'll see you Friday, 13th. Don't forget. Ta-ta!

This Machine Age

(Continued from Page 3)

as are the machines of the present, we have but begun.

After hurriedly taking stock of the machines used in our modern world one might be inclined to jump at the conclusion that man had been at last liberated from his toil, not by enslaving his fellow man, but by the machine, and that we might look for such another brilliant age as that of Greece. But such is far from the case; rather, man has become the slave of the machine. To the majority machinery, in spite of its possibilities, has proven a curse rather than a blessing.

Exercise for the Professors

Machinery has made possible mass production, which in turn calls for giant organizations controlling everything from raw material to the sale of the finished product. High specialization, made possible by this concentration of man power, is enforced to obtain maximum efficiency. Right here is one of the great evils of the machine age—the creation of the machine operator, that is, a man, woman, boy or girl who tends a more or less automatic machine for eight or ten hours a day. The machine operator, although possessing various degrees of skill, is in no sense of the word an artisan, for he can put none of himself into his work. His most idealized conception of himself is but that of a cog in a vast machine. His work is lacking in satisfaction; a drill press operator, looking back over a life-work of a few million 3/16 inch holes, can't feel that the world has been an "awful lot" better for his having lived in it. By means of this specialization of men and machines a man's output may in some cases be increased a thousandfold. But what about the man who spends eight hours a day, day in and day out, year after year, pulling a lever as fast as he can, or feeding parts into an insatiable automatic machine? Work like this is maddening. But in this age of efficiency no one would think of going back to old-fashioned methods; for most of us it would mean giving up all our luxuries and many of the things we think are necessities. A custom built Ford car, built by an old fashioned all round machinist, a being almost as rare as the Dodo (in one plant employing twenty thousand operators I know all the machinists by their first names), would cost about \$15,000. And yet what a price some of our fellows have to pay that we may have these luxuries. But cannot a way out be found? Can't we eat our cake and have it too? The very fact that an unskilled operator can produce in such quantity suggests letting everyone put in a few minutes a day doing the world's dirty work. Any professor would relish running down to the shop before breakfast instead of doing his daily dozen, and drilling a couple of thousand piece-parts in half an hour, and all the while he'd be thinking about what he was going to say in his lecture on Relativity that morning, or whatever it was (I say this advisedly), while the ordinary operator, if he thinks at all, probably spends his time wishing he were a professor. The resources of the machine designer are by no means exhausted, and as our machines become more highly automatic and assume more and more of our drudgery, with everyone doing their share, this menace of the machine operator or mechanized man would disappear.

Water, Water Everywhere

The second great evil of the machine age is unemployment. In the good old days before the industrial revolution when each family produced practically all that was required to meet its own needs, things ran along smoothly enough unless there was a "visitation from God" in the form of a famine. Both men and women had to work long hours merely to keep body and soul together. Luxuries were few and were had only by the upper classes. On the other hand, returns were in direct proportion to the effort put forth, and as long as a man kept working he was sure of the future. With the coming of the industrial revolution people flocked to the cities (they still are) to work in the factories, where their labor was highly specialized. Their wages were paid in money. Right here we see two drastic changes: first, that man no longer worked for himself, but for someone else who determined what his pay would be; secondly, he no longer produced all the necessities of life and was obliged to exchange his wages, which represented his labor, for those necessities. His wage only enabled him to live from day to day, and when he could not obtain work his children went hungry. The new system thus left the laborer at the mercy of the employer and the demand for his own little specialty. Everyone is familiar with the tale of woes that has followed, low wages, unemployment, strikes, dynamitings,

imprisonments, the age-old war between capital and labor. The one side fighting for rights that existed only in the days of the feudal barons, the other fighting for its very life. Our grandfathers worked sixteen hours a day six days a week. Today, in spite of labor saving machinery we still work about fifty hours a week, using machines that increase a man's output as much as a thousandfold. The result is inevitable. There is not enough work to go around and someone must do without. True, we consume more in the way of luxuries than ever before, but the laborer in his spare time and the capitalist putting in all his time can't consume the product of the laborer's toil. There is no denying that unemployment is a product of the Machine Age, but with a competent social system unemployment would be anything but a hardship. Think of it—not since the Garden of Eden have we had such a surplus of the necessities and even the luxuries of life, and a scarcity of work. A veritable Utopia, you say; nobody wants to work anyway. But as things turn out, it is far from that. The thing would be ludicrous if it were not so serious. We find people starving in a land of plenty, without shelter in a city of skyscrapers, their only crime that of producing more of their specialty than the world can use for some little time. The farmers of the world have grown so much wheat that they are a year ahead of the demand, but instead of being able to eat, drink and be merry as in "the good old days," when their barns were full, the farmers of Alberta can't even make the payments on the new limousine. As a result the garageman can't buy so much flour and the miller doesn't need so much wheat. So the vicious circle widens, and the first thing you know we have hard times, just when we should be resting on our oars and enjoying a surplus.

Wastefulness for Efficiency

But you can't get around the law of supply and demand, says the economist, and experience bears him out. If the world produces an excess of coffee and wheat, Brazil and Canada must take less for their crops, and all the monopolies and pools in the world can't keep the price up. If we can't break the law of supply and demand, why not repeal it? After all, we didn't inherit it along with the law of gravity; it is merely the outcome of a man-made system. Like the seat and wheels of an old-fashioned buckboard, there is too rigid a connection between production and consumption. A shock absorber is needed between them in order that the worker may consume at an even rate while production has its ups and downs. Needs which we all have in common, the so-called necessities of life, should be doled out to all, measures only being taken to prevent waste. Naturally medical attention would come under this category. Millions of people needing medical attention cannot afford it. The increased health of the workers would more than repay the state for this expense, to say nothing of the increased happiness resulting. In order that each might express his personal taste in the choice of luxuries, he could be given a regular allowance from the state to do with as he pleased. In compensation for giving up all his worries the individual would consent to train himself to do work he likes and for which his instructors agree he is fitted, and to engage in this work as much as is necessary to keep a safe margin of supply ahead of the demand for his particular work. The rest of the time would be his to engage in hobbies or pursue the arts, as he felt inclined. When the princes of industry have thrown up the sponge, it has always been the lot of the government to step in and muddle through somehow, whether street or great continental railways. It is argued that government control is wasteful; to that I answer that with such a system we could afford to be wasteful, in order to cure our troubles, for if necessary all our man power could be put to work in a manner more efficient than ever before possible.

A New System

Although saving in treatment of its labor, competitive busi-

ness is wasteful in duplication of equipment, large labor turn-overs and unnecessary selling costs. It may also be argued that all incentive to achievement has been taken away, since there is no chance for direct personal gain. I doubt if any great thing has ever been achieved with personal reward as the motive. Men head big industries, toil for months over inventions and produce great works of art because their very soul is in their work, and the rest of us stand to lose nothing since we only make a living anyway. Perhaps this sounds like a levelling down process, but with everyone working our machines would produce more than we ever had before, and in any case there can be no doubt about its being the greatest good for the greatest number. Under this system the laborer would welcome with open arms instead of curses every labor-saving machine introduced, for it would mean more of the comforts of life or more time for recreation, and not hunger and misery as it does today. Big business has shown us what organization can do, and there is no reason why a whole country could not be organized by experts along the lines mentioned above. The main drawback to such a system is the fact that it is now, as new and modern as a straight eight, and oh, Heaven, how we humans do hate new social conditions. We must be starved or beaten into a change like dumb brutes instead of thinking out a solution to our problem and then adopting it.

Revolution?

A hungry man is a dangerous one, and it would behoove society to remedy these conditions while yet there is time. Conditions will not improve of themselves. Many concerns while discharging laborers are employing engineers to design more and more machines to do away with more and more laborers. Unless Capital, under the guise of patriotism, can again persuade laborer to fight against laborer and against the cause of humanity, Russia will probably force us to change our system and thus precipitate a much needed reform. Already she is underselling our wheat and is now constructing the largest steel mills in the world. To anyone who knows the place steel has had in the development of the industries of England and the United States, this is quite significant. Conditions will soon become unbearable if a change is not made, and that will mean just one thing—revolution, with all its horrors.

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Seniors and Intermediates Defeat Y.M.C.A. and "Y" Blacks

Varsity Senior Basketball Team Come From Behind to Win—
Intermediates Win Handily

Wednesday evening the Y.M.C.A. received our boys, and treated them to a hot reception at hoop shooting. It was a hard fought, fast, furious, and well played game; but our fellows need lots of room, and it took them a little while to get straightened up out of the cramped position the floor necessitated. Both teams, confident of victory, were determined not to be outdone by their opponents. In the first part of the game the "Y" proceeded to give their visitors a little exhibition of their superior skill in shooting, and indeed were succeeding very well until the students were reminded by an exhortation from the already famed intermediates that the honor of the Green and Gold was in their hands. Then, perceiving the rudeness of their hosts, retaliation came surely and speedily, and with the crack of the pistol the home boys were staggering in a veritable vertigo, and the shower room never felt better.

It was a great game, boys, and Varsity feels proud of you. And Mr. Addie Donaldson, we want to congratulate you on your excellent performance—it appears you have repeated your actions of last game. Gordie Keel and Bill Pullishy each netted nine points, and they certainly deserve a lot of credit. Good work, Gordie and Bill, and we hope you keep it up. Myrton Keel and Buzz Fenerty were not backward in coming forward. What more can we say! They did their best, and it was well done. Carscallen and Killick, although guarded closely, caused great grief to the "Y." They robbed their opponents of many a well-planned score. Those who didn't see it, you missed something. Here it is: Myrton got the first tip off, Ad received it, but the play was stopped—"Y" in possession. The combination was good. The Y shoots twice—no score. Merton is anxious and shouts for the ball. He frightens the boys and a foul is called on Richards; Ad shoots, misses. Ad scores on a pass from Buzz, Pullishy to Merton, who shoots, misses. Foul on Allen; Sheane shoots, misses. Buzz to Bill to Merton, who shoots and misses. Foul on Richards, Bill shoots and scores, one point. Foul on Ad—Greenlees shoots, misses. Shean repeats, misses. Allen gets the ball and makes a nice pivot. Lady's voice from the gallery, then see Allen go. Too bad, Allen. Foul on Merton; Sheane

shoots twice and nets the last one.

Merton tips off to Ad to Bill. We would not accuse Bill of histrionic play, but the next three shots certainly looked nice. Here comes a foul, on a platter. Bill, take it. We're glad to see you encouraging the Y boys, but not too much kidding. It's a good break for the Y to have a man like Sheane, but of course Sheane comes from Calgary. He passes to Greenlees, who scores. Richards follows up with a long shot from centre and scores. Merton is trying hard. Merton to Bill to Ad, who scores. Buzz is playing a steady game—im-perturbable. We discover a dark horse on the Y team—he's doing his best. A series of short passes, mix up; Martell decides to lay out, but not for long. Greenlees shoots, they're all shooting. Sheane scores—toss up—scores again. Oh, Varsity, the ladies are weeping.

Mert calls time out—Gordie on for Bill. Poor Bill Shandro, how he would like to don the shorts.

Well, here we go again. Sheane has also caught wind—scores. Ad tries desperately, but unavailingly. Nice pivot, Gordie. Y scores from centre, nice; checking close. G. Keel shoots and misses. Glasgow worries Allan—Ad doesn't like Scotchmen. G. Keel scores on a foul; Glasgow misses foul. Ad and Buzz fouled; Sheane missed. Allan, "the bad man", fouled Sheane; Sheane scores; Smith fouls, misses. Half-time: Y 15, Varsity 8. Come on, Varsity! Coach Bill takes boys for a little silent prayer. Meanwhile Pepper and French look the women over. Pepper sees lots to attract his attention.

Game on. Ad shoots, misses; tough. M. Keel shoots foul, misses; hits balcony, nothing like aiming high, Mert. Come on, Ad, score that foul; Ad scores. Glasgow scores long shot, doing good work. Mert going well. Play speeding up, short passes and fast play. Glasgow shoots, misses. U. of A. Gordie scores, no count. Game fast. Sheane shoots, misses. Goody-goody. Ad works hard. Buzz shoots, but misses. Y's shooting better than ours. Gordie off; Bill Pullishy on for Al. Buzz scores point; Pullishy scores. Great stuff, Bill. Glasgow scores prettily. Playing

GATEWAY'S BABY CLINIC SUCCESSFUL

Dr. D. (Dinty) Healy, M.D.,
Passes Judgment on University's
Little Tots—Nurses Help

Under the personal supervision of Dr. Dennis (Dinty) Healy, The Gateway Baby Clinic made an auspicious start yesterday morning. Assisting nurses were Skivers (Blondex) Edwards, F. E. L. (Marmola) Priestley, and that delightful matron, F. J. (Margarine) Baker.

Inspecting Infant-ry
Dr. Healy announced that his first business was a psychological test for the youngsters of the university, and produced the latest apparatus developed for just such a test. He set up this apparatus on a convenient table. The child under test, he explained in that heart-to-heart manner which has endeared him to many a chick, was required to sit before a mirror. In front of the latter and in front of the child, or in between the two, as it were, was placed a circular pattern. The child was required to provide missing chords in the pattern in the shortest possible time by gazing at it in the mirror, carefully avoiding a vicious tendency to cheat by gazing directly at the circle.

Oh, Baby!
The infants came by the dozen to be tested, accompanied by proud guardians. It was obvious that Dr. Healy was to achieve immediate success. The babes were calling him "Dinty" before the tests were well under way, despite the absence of intelligence in other directions. The nurses were hard put to keep the guardians reasonably quiet, due to an all-pervading enthusiasm.

Results
In a short news report it is evidently out of the question to give a detailed outline of the results obtained by Dr. Healy's patients. It remains for us to comment on the more important of the records set for future papooses to aim at.

First on the list comes P. A. (Daisy) Field, with the low score of—well, we won't tell. Next comes S. V. (Buttercup) Allen with the overwhelming total of approximately 217 seconds (not responsible for errors less than five hundredths of a second—Reporter). Buttercup wasted much time, however, as he insisted on trying to add some bills left in The Gateway Clinic by some careless Union official.

The Winner
Through lack of watchfulness on the part of his associates, L. L. (Lallapalooza or Snitz) Alexander, editor of the paper promoting the clinic, got mixed up in the jam of toddlers and was forced to undergo the test. After much trepidation as to the probable result, Lallapalooza's supporters came through with loud cheers as they saw him forge to the front with 62 seconds as his time for the ordeal. Snitz collapsed, but soon recovered when dinner was announced by your correspondent.

It was with some difficulty that Dr. Healy was restrained from picking Buttercup and Snitz in alcohol as exceptional specimens. As there was no alcohol in the neighborhood, Dr. Healy was finally persuaded to give up the idea. He left in good spirits, however.

close and hard. Buzz from Pullishy misses; Pullishy scores foul. This man Bill P. is good. Mert shoots; short—no, not Mert, the shot. Buzz to Keel to Pullishy to Buzz—damn me, they misses. Martell scores. Pullishy runs wild; Greenlees scores. Add dribbles ball, checked. Gordie on; Mert to Gordie; tough break, Gordie. Buzz misses hard try; Mert misses. Gordie keeps up family tradition and scores. Great work, boys. Gordie misses shot; too bad, old man. Pullishy misses two; Pullishy scores. Mert scores—say, how do you like that? Bill S. breathes again—three times since half-time. Keel to Keel to Keel, misses. Great game, passing good. Buzz fouls; Mert misses foul. Mert scores. Bill P. trying hard. Mert missed lovely chance. Buzz to Pullishy, missed. Sheane misses two free throws. Buzz to Keel, no result. Gordie does a perfect Annette Kellerman back flip; ladies gasp; recovers and crowd cheers. Good work. Gordie scores again. Mert misses shot. Pullishy scores. Buzz misses long shot. Say, this is one great game. Greenlees scored. Buzz scores. Buzz to Mert to Bill—too bad, just missed. Mert to Gordie, score; score getting even. Bill scores—hush! Sheane scored. Mert scores, and—well, a dirty name, no count. Bang!—time.

Varsity wins, 35-31. Now, if that wasn't a great game, I'm a monkey's grandchild.

Intermediate Game

Rrk-rk-crash-bang!
Irate Gateway Editor: "Say, what the heck!"—turns dial of radio furiously—"Lord wife, we've got Greece!" "Why, Larry dear, of course we have Greece—lot of it—do you want some, honey?" "No—shshsh!"

Voice over radio: "Hello, folks—J.A.M.—the voice of the dairy (bull) speaking—broadcasting on a wave length of two quarts: The big game between Varsity Intermediate and Hi-Y-Blacks about to commence. The stadium is becoming filled with people eager to view the greatest struggle of modern times. Oh, here's "Windy" Borgal and a fine lady—sighs of admiration escape from the lips of all. There's Aegis Harding—no, sorry, it's another handsome fellow. Hurrah! Hear those cheers—the Varsity team has just arrived. The crowd is enthusiastic—the man at my right carefully takes toll of his beer bottles. Togas are removed, sandals tightened. When the togas are removed the Greek girls shout in a frenzy—tough luck, girls; there's a law in this country, and besides they'd catch cold. Varsity warms up. A noble sight—bronzed athletes ready for the fray, conditioned, well balanced, confident. That tall chap—no, he's not Phidippides—that's Kennedy—that's Frank's fair-haired girl over there. Before this pageant of pulchritude the girls clasp their hands, look wistful, and—ah, "What a pity those boys can't talk Greek". Another huzzza—the Y team is here. Douglas toots his siren. They're ready; crowds shout "They're off"—and a poor old maid faints. Say this is good!

Kennedy dribbles and Miller shoots wide. Y shoots and stalls. Cameron, the tall Scot, almost lost his kilts; misses shot. Y ball, Ferguson looks good for Y. Frank shoots, misses. Keep your eyes from the gallery, Frank! Bull shoots—that's nothing new—I've shot it often. Kramer loops for the Y. Kramer fouls Miller. The "hale and bold Miller" misses an easy shot. Bill Shandro stops game while he equips his men with banners. There, that's better. Cameron tries, misses. Play a little slow. Cameron to Miller, basket, whoopee Varsity. Both teams gird up their loins and go at it. Balfour tries, misses. Ferguson scores for Y on a long shot. Miller retaliates—good old Hughie! Cameron fouled, misses free shot. Balfour to Miller scores—scores again. Handkerchiefs are waved, loud shouts—Jack blushes becomingly.

Pierson misses a free throw. Cameron stalls. Kennedy running hard, looks worried—finances, I guess. Ferguson fouls Cameron; Cameron scores. Y makes long basket. Game speeds up. Miller to Cameron score—bravo! Balfour throws Bull, foul; I'll say. Bull shoots, bull's-eye. Time off. "Hunk" Tyler on. Scans benches for his girl—yes, there they are, five of them. Brigham Young and bring 'em often, eh "Hunk"? Cameron to Miller, score. The miller is making hay—doing fine. Cameron missed long shot. Wood fouled, shoots, nets; nice try, Wood. Kennedy is slowing down. Bang—half-time.

Let's go again. Irwin imitates Simian ancestry on horizontal bars. Miller misses foul. Wood is chewing gum furiously. Kennedy on. Wood makes great score. Y misses two free throws. Kramer scores. Bull making great try—bull often does go a long way—look at our Conservative Government. Tyler is trying hard. Y hits back desperately—Varsity has them all bottled up. Cameron does great work. Scores. Good old Scotland. Bull makes another contact—lovely shot. Kennedy working well on defense. Miller misses two free throws. Balfour to Miller, score. Bull charges—Tyler as a torador is perfect—Bull missed. Cameron scores. Y weakens under strain. Balfour blocks shot nicely, scores—great! Wood can't get going—Hookie combining well. Coach Bill

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Next game, Chinooks and Hurricanes.

sits with arms folded—placidity of Rip Van Winkle. Woods fouls Kramer; Kramer crammed in two. Kennedy back, looms up big on the horizon. Wood off. Pearson makes great try for Y; tough luck, Pearson misses; also misses foul. Miller scores. Balfour comes tearing down the floor like the Confederation Ltd., passes to Miller. Pardon?—of course they scored.

Hobey accused of necking—not such a bad hobby either. Balfour grabs a point—no, not a pint—at least not here anyway. Miller nets for two points. Come on, Varsity—rah! rah! let's go! Pearson fouls Kennedy. Kennedy misses. Bert Coffin on—no, nobody dead—Bert least of all. Back Woods. Kramer nets a foul. Hunter kits Kennedy—probably took him for a stork—and say, that's no mean crack either. Bang!—time.

Laurel wreaths heaved with reckless abandon. Coach Bill hustles his boys away before those Greek girls get them. Wonderful game—crowd troops out on Attican fields. Voice of the dairy signing off—about time, eh?

STUDENTS' COUNCIL HAS WARM SESSION

(Continued from Page 1)

for a capacity attendance (about 2,300) as agreed by the League.

In this matter the decision was left over for the consideration of the President of Men's Athletics.

The budget for the Operetta was presented for the Glee Club by C. Jackson. The budget showed an estimated income and expenditure amounting to \$739.80. The acceptance of this budget was moved and carried.

The advancing of \$48.50 to Men's Athletics for a cut in the year-book was moved and carried.

A committee of three, consisting of E. Barnett (President of Women's Athletics), W. N. Gourlay (President of Men's Athletics), and S. V. Allen (Treasurer of the Union) was nominated to look into the situation regarding the athletic booklets and to report on the working out of the system instituted here. Student opinion will be sought on this subject. It was felt that in view of the number of coats and books which are left around the Common Room, that it would be desirable to designate a definite Common Room Committee. A committee consisting of Mr. Pepper and R. W. Hamilton, was appointed from the chair.

Mr. W. Roxburgh closed the meeting with a brief but pointed comment upon the laxity of certain Council members who have as yet failed to turn their pictures in for the year book. The meeting adjourned at 10:00 o'clock.

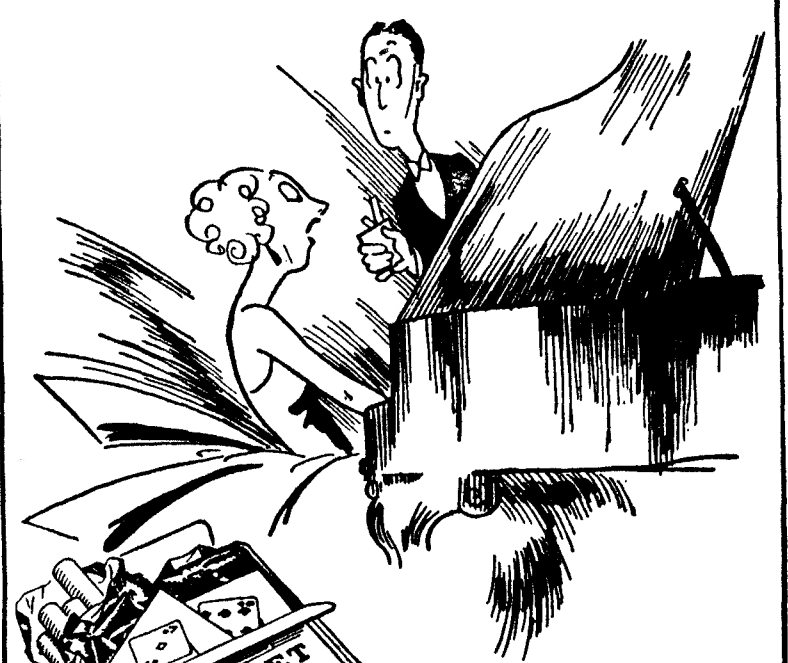
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